

orable man, and to you I commit the trust of retribution. I know that Denis fears that I shall not keep the secret. I know that he meditates my death. I know that he will one day kill me, and throw my body into the Thames, for he has often threatened it. While I live my lips are sealed. When I am dead, let justice have its course.

FANNY."

The number of the house and the name of the street where the murder was committed were accurately given, as was a definition of the spot where the remains of my poor friend would be found.

The advertisements for George Marr had been fitfully continued, and I saw that all I had to do now was to place this document in the hands of Messrs. Bingley & Bell. Without loss of time I hurried off to Gray's Inn, not unaware that a buttoned-up individual was following me, not steps. The police no doubt, were keeping an eye upon me, in consequence of the direction that the body should be brought to my chambers.

Mr. Bell read the document attentively. "I see no reason to doubt the genuineness of this," he said. "We must instruct the police to watch the house at Chelsea, and search it as soon as we can get a warrant, and then we must lay hold of this infamous Denis Hilton."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed—"I had forgotten. I saw him at Dover last night. He was evidently intending to cross, but the rough weather prevented the mail-boat from starting."

"Then we must stop him at once. The wind has scarcely abated its violence, and it is quite possible the boat may not have started yet."

We went up to the South-Eastern Railway station. There we learned in a few minutes, by telegraph, that the boat had not yet been able to leave Dover. Mr. Bell, myself, and two police officers in plain clothes went down by a special train. Arrived at Dover, the two detectives set about their inquiries, and Mr. Bell and I talked upon the pier. The pier was not at that time nearly finished, but on account of the roughness of the weather, the works were for the time suspended. On in front of us, toward the end, I saw a muffled figure which I thought I recognized.

"There he is," I whispered—"there stands Denis."

"And here come the detectives," said Mr. Bell.

They had evidently learned where they were likely to find the man they had described. It was arranged between us that I should go up to him first; and so I walked on ahead of the others. The murderer was leaning against a pile of massive stones, his back toward me. I passed him, turned back, and looked him in the face.

"Denis Hilton," I said, "do you remember me?"

He bent his yes upon me; and I never shall forget the expression in them. I saw in a moment that no law could harm the man—for he had become insane!

After gazing at me for a few minutes or two, he said,

"How do you do, Grantley? I am glad to see you. I have a strange thing to tell you. You see this whirling, raging, boiling sea? You would not think that a small craft could live in it for a moment, would you? And yet all yesterday afternoon, all last night, and all this morning my wife and George Marr have been in a boat tossing about the pier. The waves break round them and over them, but they will not sink! If there was a third in the boat, I think they would!"

He said these words quite calmly, and looked me full in the face. Then, with a wild and awful cry, he sprang from my side and leaped into the foaming water. Once only we saw his livid upturned face; and then my Dead Client's business was completed!

## A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

BY NED P. MAH,  
OF MONTREAL.

I, R. Terry Fitz-Jones, Esq., was a full-fledged doctor at last, duly authorized to bring into the world, or send out of it, to kill or to cure such fortunate or unfortunate specimens of male or female humanity as the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to, might induce to seek my assistance to be treated to the best of my judgment as a healer of the flesh, and my sincerest sympathy as a man and brother. Yes, I had won my diploma—and I was not a little proud in the inward certainty that I had also won the esteem of my fellow-students and the favorable notice and good-wishes of the professor of my college. Indeed, I had found time during the leisure moments of my preparatory discipline to win something more—the affection of a delightful little creature, all light and smiles, and sunshine, who seemed in my eyes at least, as nearly the realization of what an ideal woman should be, as any young practitioner of the healing, or any other, art may reasonably hope to meet within this imperfect sublunary sphere of ours. My darling, Anna Thunbe, was only waiting till I found my practice sufficiently remunerative to give some tangible guarantee for my ability to offer her a comfortable home in which to eliminate her unparalleled stock of

domestic virtues before becoming, with her revered papa's consent, Mrs. Fitz-Jones.

Now, it so happened that in the little community, half town, half village, in which I made my first appearance as a professed disciple of Esculapius, there was an old grey-haired, venerable, fatherly, cautious, slow but very safe doctor, who had enjoyed of late years an almost entire monopoly in the district, and whom by a strange perversity of nature most people seemed to prefer to the new dashing young surgeon, with all the latest improvements in the cut of his coat and the manufacture of his instruments of torture. In vain did I put into practice all the small ruses, which tradition had sanctioned, or my own ingenuity suggested, as the most feasible for the attainment of favorable notice and speedy patronage from my neighbors. In vain did I run up and down my own doorsteps in haste and at frequent intervals with the muddiest of boots; in vain did I send round Jalapp, my boy in buttons, with medicines that had never been ordered, to be left by mistake at houses whose inmates had never been sick, and afterwards called in with profuse apologies and a liberal use of my name which appeared in large type upon the neatly labelled packages of liniment, lotion or pill. In vain I did my groom, as I sat in Sabbath morning beneath the Rev. Josiah Drawn, in wrapt attention to the glowing peroration contained in the fifth section of his discourse, steal with stealthy swiftness down the aisle, tap me on the shoulder, whisper anxiously into my ear, till I rose, and with a face in which an expression of the deepest concern struggled admirably for the mastery, with a sense of decorum proceeded to the door, where, before the porch stood my fast trotting mare hurriedly hitched to the highest of buggies into which I leapt and dashed away through the long street in the face of the astonished congregation just issuing from the Methodist chapel—at a speed that told that I was bound on a matter of life and death at the very least.

No, it was evidently in vain to attempt to cut out the old doctor, so the only thing to be done was to sit down quietly and wait for his death or retirement from professional duties, one of which events, as the hale old gentleman had already exceeded the threescore and ten years, which biblical authority allots as the fair duration of human existence, might be reasonably expected to occur at no distant period.

Meantime, I gladly accepted a suggestion made by an old friend of my father's that I should receive under my roof his only son with a view to his preparation for the profession I had embraced.

It was in the spring that my pupil first became a resident beneath my roof. In the winter it became advisable to procure some specimen of defunct humanity, vulgarly called "subjects" in the slang of the dissecting-room, for the more practical illustration of our anatomical studies. The exact manner in which I determined to obtain these or the precise channel through which they reached their destination it is needless here to specify. Suffice it to say that late one moonlight night I drove up to my door behind my fast trotting mare and proceeded with Tom's aid to extricate an oblong case, legibly labelled as fish, which was closely wedged beneath the seat of the vehicle I had occupied. Our next care was to excavate a space of sufficient magnitude in the deep snow with which the recent storms had liberally filled the limited square formed by the fine planked fences of the backyard, and to deposit therein with due regard to their better preservation till required, the contents of the deal packing case.

It was near midnight one evening after this that it became necessary for me, with a view to the due explanation of a difficult point in our studies, to obtain a book from the library which lay at the back of the house, its windows overlooking the yard in the rear. As I knew the whereabouts of the work in question I proceeded to search for it without the aid of a lamp. My fingers had just come in contact with the cover of the volume upon the table when my attention was attracted by a noise as of scratching accompanied by the fierce snorts and snarls of a dog, and, in looking out I beheld, by the light of the moon, a large mastiff who was tearing and worrying at the frozen snow, and gleaming horribly in the white beams, a long lean white hand which the brute had extricated from its icy grave, waved with a ghastly semi-circular sweep at each fresh effort of the animal to disentangle the body of which it was a member from its congealed surroundings. Raising my eyes, I perceived two human heads overlooking the tall fences, their owners engaged in eager gesticulations, but whether occupied in urging the brute to renewed exertions or endeavoring to call him off, I was unable to determine. I hurried back to the room where Tom was pouring over his book, his head resting on his two hands in close proximity to the shaded lamp.

"Tom," said I, "I want your assistance for a moment," and hastening to the bed chamber I seized a pair of shears and hurriedly divested myself of the long growth of beard and whisker, and then with a sharp razor proceeded to make my cheeks as smooth and hairless as those of the boy at my side. While thus occupied Tom, at my request, was busily engaged in reducing the ambrosial curls, which flowed in luxuriant tresses upon my shoulders, to the severe shortness which characterized his own coiffure. We had scarcely brought our labors to a termination when a thundering knock, followed by a noisy ringing at the street door made us both start. "Stay here, Tom," said I, "I will answer the summons," and, slipping a freshly sharpened,

shining skating iron into either pocket of my pupil's fur overcoat which hung in close proximity to the front door, I proceeded to give admittance to the stranger whose hasty summons had alarmed us. A tall, portly man, tightly buttoned in a closely fitting overcoat of military cut entered the house and was ushered by me into the consulting room.

"Doctor Fitz Jones within?" inquired he. "The Doctor is attending a case in the neighborhood," I replied, "but if the matter is urgent I know where he is to be found and will summon him at once."

"Have the goodness to do so," he replied, "I will await him here."

I slipped on my pupil's overcoat and was out of the house in a second. A policeman tramping heavily along the pavement, apparently on the ordinary duty of his beat, was passing the house as I went out, and halting a moment at the street corner surveyed me keenly as I passed. I continued unmolested at a quick pace for some distance, and then, rounding the corner block, ran with all my might down the dark side of the street towards the river. Once upon the frozen surface I adjusted my skates, which fitted with a spring to my strong laced boots, and darted away at the top of my speed along the broad piece of smooth ice which extended its uninterrupted spread on either side of the rough ice blocks which had accumulated in the centre of the stream.

I had proceeded in this way for some two miles when I became aware of a sleigh, drawn by a spare, white, wiry screw, stretching himself in a long gallop, which was evidently in pursuit, and rapidly gaining on me, in its progress over the road upon the river bank to my left. Fortunately I was rapidly approaching a bay or inlet of the river which here ran between an island and the bank of the stream, presenting to the skater a clean surface of some two miles in width, and causing a détour of several miles in the road which skirted its bank. Felicitating myself on this circumstance I urged myself to renewed exertions, but what was my horror when glancing over my shoulder after a run of some minutes to perceive that the sleigh supposed to contain my pursuers had left the road and was now proceeding at a hand gallop in a direct line across the smooth surface of the ice. In vain I redoubled my efforts, the horse, evidently a fresh one, refused to be distanced. Already I could hear, in the intervals of the "skim" of my own skates upon the black ice, the rapid click of his hoofs upon the glasslike road, nay, even the short quick sobe which the speed at which he travelled evoked from his panting chest, and the angry shouts of his driver urging him to still more headlong speed. Then there was a mighty crash, something in the harness had given way or he had "gone to prayers," and stealing a rapid glance behind me I saw horse, sleigh and passengers rolling in a confused black mass upon the slippery way. Now, I had hope, and collecting my forces, I settled down into a swift even stride of something over fifteen miles an hour, which I continued in uninterrupted sequence till I approached the road leading from the city of — to a village upon the opposite side of the river. Here I perceived a likely looking outter proceeding citywards at a sleepy pace. Quickening my steps I hailed the driver and requested him to convey me back to the village of —

"Don't much care for it," replied he, "going home. What'll yer give?"

I named a price somewhat in excess of his ordinary fare.

"Taint worth the trouble," said Jehu, "but I'll put yer out the opposite bank for a dollar."

"Done," cried I, and in moment we were speeding back towards the village.

Arrived on the crown of the bank my carter stopped and descended to disarrange the buffaloes for my more convenient exit.

I put the price of my liberty in his hand. "But," said I, "just see if that bill is a good one."

He turned his back for one moment to the sleigh to examine it by the beams of the waning moon. That moment was sufficient. Before he could turn I had leaped into his seat, and, shortening the reins, belabored the fast trotting steed with the buckled end in a manner which could not fail to inform him that something more than his usual spirited style of going would be required of him that night.

Unmindful of the consternation of the disconcerted Jehu I sped away. Away through the long hours of the clear cold night, and as morning dawned drove with a rapturous sense of happy escape and future freedom into the courtyard of the chief hostelry of a little town beyond the lines.

The change of residence thus strangely brought about proved in the end to my advantage. In the little town of my adoption I soon succeeded in establishing a practice sufficiently remunerative to enable me to dispense with the preparation of pupils, which I had found so dangerous an undertaking as a means of increasing my income, and am in hopes of inducing my adored Anna very shortly to change her somewhat peculiar surname for the more noble appellation of Fitz-Jones.

A minister who was changing his living took for the text of his farewell sermon Acts xx. 22, "And I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing, the things that shall befall me." "Ah!" said the laird, loudly enough, "weel kens he that the stipend is fifty pun better than the stipend here."

## PEOPLE WHO NEVER GET ON.

There are people in this world who seem to be so constituted that they keep all they have and add more to it. There are others who are always losing their scant possessions and rarely finding themselves able to replace them. It begins in childhood with children of the same household. One will have her Christmas book with the gilt covers, her doll, and her fancy box, and little trinkets, almost as good as new the next Christmas. Nay, the doll will have a new wardrobe, and be fresher than at first. Her sister, with the same presents, will have torn her book into bits, broken her doll, given away her trinkets, and be quite unconscious of the whereabouts of the fancy box. They live in the same house, and have the same education, but one is different from the other, and remains so all through life. As a young lady, one never can find her thimble or her scissors, nor the book she wants, nor the music she has but half learnt, while her sister is never at a loss as to such matters. And as married women, one, with the same amount of pin-money, will possess fine clothes and jewelry, while the other goes shabby.

Two boys start in life with equal means. One finds himself, at forty, with a fortune; the other is wretchedly poor, and without prospects. The pennies he scorned to save have made the other a rich man, perhaps. Something has, at any rate. One has been no more vicious than the other, but while one has accumulated wealth, the other has not.

I am not sure that any thing can be done for people who are not born to get on. Something within them clogs their movement. We should no more be angry with them than with a cripple who cannot climb a hill. Nature made them so, and so they will stay as long as the soul cleaves to the mortal body. They are often good people, often desirous of being generous. They are generally people who can't say "No;" and the others are sometimes a little hard-fisted, but still, the good things of the world cling to the one class and fall from the other, who, for some inscrutable reason, known only to their Maker, do not seem to be born to get on.

## RICHARD III'S BEDSTEAD.

In the corporation records of Leicester, there is still preserved a story curiously illustrative of the darkness and precaution of Richard's character. Among his camp baggage it was his custom to carry a cumbersome wooden bedstead, which he averred was the only couch he could sleep in; but in which he contrived to have a secret receptacle for treasure, so that it was concealed under a weight of timber. After Bosworth Field the troops of Henry pillaged Leicester; but the royal bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought land, and at length became Mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was assassinated by her servant, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this culprit and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light. Concerning this bed, a public print of 1830 states that, "about half a century since, the relic was purchased by a furniture-broker in Leicester, who slept in it for many years, and showed it to the curious; it continues in as good condition, apparently, as when used by King Richard, being formed of oak, and having a high polish. The daughter of the broker having married one Babbington, of Rothley, near Leicester, the bedstead was removed to Babbington's house, where it is still preserved."

## RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Religion does not shrink from the stern test which modern science insists upon applying to all things—the test of experience. We are told to be content with religious authority, no command to believe this or that, for observation, experience, experiment must settle everything. We answer, "By all means; for then you cannot brush our beliefs aside with a sneer, a jest, a scornful word like unscientific." We also claim to be experimented upon. We assert that a vast and varied experience of men now living proves Christ to be the Lord of the dead, of the dying, of the death-chamber, and the dark hour. We say that He is to-day breathing not only calm, but exultation into numberless breasts at the approach of the King of Terrors. Hundreds are feeling to-day that when to live has been Christ, then to die has been something better than even the enjoyment of His favor here. What is that "gain?" Not the negative gladness of release from anguish; for they have not been the querulous and heavy-laden; and this would be counterbalanced besides by the wrench from full many a delight. It is to enter a brighter company; to drink of the river of life nearer to its sunlit fountain; to stand in the vestibule of a stately temple, and in earshot already of sweeter anthems than ours, ascending continually like incense unto God; it is the vision of Him whom we have not seen after the flesh, the touch of His hand, the serene profundity of His gaze. That is the death of him that "dies not."

It has been proved that, after kindling his fire, an Aberdeen gentleman stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them.